THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

GEORGE DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1787.

Original Poetry.

DREAMING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MAGGIE C. HURST.

I was dreaming of your darling,
Through the hours of silent night,
While the stars, were wandering afar off,
With their golden tresses bright;
Chasing through the open heaven
And all the glories that are seen,
While they weave a web of fancy
Round the pure and virtuous I sing.

You looked on me, my darling,
With a sweet light in your eyes,
As you did on the evening
Beneath gathered's autumn skies.
Oh, I wish I could have whispered
But had stops forever there,
The words of love I uttered
And the holier manner air;
Wreathed in love's world of sweetness
With its aching heart, to weep
Over the many sorrows
Should be gathered on my sleep.

Original Novelet.

THE ONEIDA SISTERS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by GEORGE D. PRENTICE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VIII.

REVOLUTION—LOVE—LOST.

"At length I perceive that, in revolutions, the supposed impossible constantly turns with the most astonishing."—Burke.

"I know
That Love makes all things right that's true!
My mother once heard that; system truth entered."
—Shelley.

I stood, and felt the waves of my long night
Of sorrow rolling o'er me.
I knew it was the vision revealed from me
By many tears.—Shelley.

With the mob, the best guarantee of Garnaglia's safety lay in the recognition of his Indian blood. They respected his supposed barbarism, and, in their fickleness, loved it, even that of "citizen," were instinctively disposed to extend to him the red right hand of fellowship, with the privileges and protection of their horrible order.

It was in vain that the Oneida searched throughout the undestroyed portion of the mansion for the wounded inmates of his first friends. The work of plunder had been completed,—cabinets had been demolished—secret drawers and panels had been discovered and forced, and every portable valuable carried off. Nor was this the end of misfortune and disappointment:—the steward for whom he sought, was nowhere to be found, or heard from. It was supposed that he had been accidently, or captured by the mob—or, what was more probable, had absconded, with all the funds in his possession.

Deeply grieved at the unsuccessful result of his generous search, and bitterly disappointed in Paris, for the purpose of obtaining a passport, and by the indications of official delay, Garnaglia favored his friends—as his desire was to return them to England as speedily as possible.

He arrived in Paris during the memorable commencement of the Revolution, when the fresh excitement yet seemed to have broken loose, to sweep and rage throughout that unhappy city, in a tempest delusion of madness and frightful. Hordes of half-naked men, howling out incoherent sentences of wild, unintelligible song, reeling with blood drunkenness, marched from church to church, and from prison to prison, rendering night hideous with shouts,—the terror of the unprotected, the innocent, by scores and hundreds.

Again, Theroigne de Mericourt, in her blood-red riding-habit and black plumes, mounted her horse, and rode at the head of a troop of furies, brandishing her "*sabre d'honneur*," and urging them on to yet more horrible deeds, and more awful heights of crime. It was then that the unhappy heart lasted the draught of vengeance for which it had so long mainly thirsted—when she met her seducer, and deemed that the hour of her own eyes into which he once looked with treacherous tenderness had arrived, when his life-blood he had so often steeped with false protestations.

On the morning of the third day of the massacre, Garnaglia accidentally found himself near the prison of the Abbaye, and, with a crowd gathered at the entrance, and remarking that they seemed comparatively quiet, and for the moment engaged in the work of slaughter, he was impelled by a natural curiosity to approach the gate, and look through the circle which evidently surrounded some object of interest.

A moment after, his horror-struck eyes fell upon a face all pale, lifeless, and ghastly, but yet unmistakably familiar—a face which through all the long years since he first beheld it, in the glory of its matchless beauty, had lived in his secret soul, and was associated with an adoring admiration.

Before him lay the murdered Princess De Lamballe. Her beautiful auburn locks were dabbled with blood. The proud mouth upon her forehead, and her fair body was pierced by many wounds. Her limbs were mutilated and stripped it, and one of their number had been thrust between them, with a shriek in his hand, with which he wiped away the blood, as fast as it oozed from the wounds—calling upon the spectators on which they sat was but a ghoulish in disguise.

There was for awhile, a little gray light of hope—one of those fitful gleams of the dawn that was soon whelmed in utter gloom, and the dark thunder swept earthly on to its climax.

Over, Lois, Colonel De Vandervoit, had been from the first, more deeply tinged with republicanism than the Marquis De La Fayette—but he was far moderate, and as far as possible, pacific—anxious to avert the horrors of civil revolute without intoxicating the people, must be gradual, if not partial.

The trial of the amiable King, and the pure womanly clamors of the Queen, had excited him to the last degree by a stronger than loyalty, and he was firmly resolved never to consent to the immolation of victims so innocent, and on the altar of Liberty!

At his own request, he was appointed by La Fayette, to the immediate service of the King —a post which made him obnoxious to the populace, already blind with the fury of disloyalty, and an object of suspicion to his own royalty. Yet he continued faithfully to discharge the duties of his office, and to the last period under some protest of his command of the royal guard, was on the point of setting out to rejoin La Fayette, who was then the head of the army of the centre, when a more moved and imperious order compelled him to seek another course.

The work of revolt and revolution was no longer confined to Paris and the larger towns—insurrections and successful revolutions had broken out throughout the kingdom, and especially in the vicinity of the capital. The absence of the Guards, who had been ordered at all last, as "the den of an aristocrat," by a furious mob, was marked, and nearly destroyed. It fortunately happened that the attack was made during one of the brief and unfrequent visits of Marie Antoinette to a stronger—but though they made at first a gallant and effective resistance, at last the unfaithful soldiers fled from the obstacle. They were unable long to contend against the crowd of their maddened associates, and were forced to fly. Some were shot in the escape through a private passage—Maurice, the brother of Garnaglia, and his aged father, by arms,—and found a temporary asylum in the cottage of an attached tenant. Here they lay in a dreadful state of suspense, hoping his son to avoid further participation in the crimes and perils of revolution, and Garnaglia, laid upon him a solemn command to form some plan of escape to England, and to accompany him thither.

Maurice pleaded, but with the secret resolve never to leave his father, and to remain by his father in safety, and to stand by the forlorn hope of French patriotism, and, especially, by Justice and sanctity to the last.

With considerable difficulty he obtained the necessary passports, and, on the following day, set at night, set forth with the Count, for the coast—Garnaglia remaining behind to settle the secretary of the most zealous and jealous officials along their route, and at length, in order De Vandervoit especially and confidentially in London.

In truth, the Oneida incurred little or no danger in remaining to execute this important duty. He had taken no prominent part in the revolutionary struggle, and was only known to the popular party and its leaders as the friend and personal attendant of Colonel De Vandervoit—an officer of undisputable republican sentiments, whose only failings were too great moderation, and a weak, tender-heartedness toward the vacillating King, and the haughty Queen.

Garnaglia, after some weeks of patient effort, obtained a few papers, which, in an attractive novelty, to young ladies especially, in the idea of taking lessons in French and Indian from an American Indian. But Maurice was not so fortunate: London was already swarming with needy French exiles and emigrés, all pressing into the same over filled ranks, and month after month went by for the usual employment: during which time he and his father were entirely dependent upon the humble earnings of Garnaglia for a respectable subsistence. Thus was returned to them the bread cast long ago upon the waters.

But the young hunter's income, carefully and economically managed, though it was, proved barely sufficient for the most pressing daily wants of the little household. The old Count was deprived of these luxuries which by the habits of a long life, had grown to be necessaries, and pined, like the exile, and his spirits visibly failed. The wardrobe of the three began to suffer, and to exhibit the first effects of the work of plunder had been completed,—cabinets had been demolished—secret drawers and panels had been discovered and forced, and every portable valuable carried off. Nor was this the end of misfortune and disappointment:—the steward for whom he sought, was nowhere to be found, or heard from. It was supposed that he had been accidently, or captured by the mob—or, what was more probable, had absconded, with all the funds in his possession.

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SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA.
TERMS, &c.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

Calibraster, Mich., Oct. 12, 1855.

MR. PETERSON:

Dear Sir:—I have received through you a communication from one of your "subscribers," accusing me, in the most unjust manner, of having made "a most perverted of, and partiality for, the monstrous heresy of the Romish faith."

This friend has evidently taken the alarm from the "note" which you felt called upon to affix to a passage in my article, "*To Uncle Sisters*,"—a passage, the meaning of which you misunderstood, and consequently unintentionally misrepresented. The construction put upon it by both, seems to me absurd, and certainly, as applied to me, unjustifiably absurd. For the "Letters from Japan," which form a large portion of my "*Hope and Mishaps of a Tour to Europe*," I have been savagely attacked by the prominent Catholic journals of this country—not for every statement and sentiment contained in those letters I still adhere.

Your friend calls for an explanation—saying that he hopes I will "redeem my reputation as a true Protestant." I can only explain by "not by making my meaning plainer, and so, perhaps, stronger, and so to my "reputation as a true Protestant." I deny that I have lost it, with those who read attentively and judge liberally.

One would suppose, both by your "note" and your correspondent's censorship, that there could be no middle ground between the most alien tenets of the Genevan school and absolute Romanism—that one must be either a Papist or a strict Calvinist. Now, I consider myself as far from one extreme as the other. I have no more faith in the divinity of the Virgin Mary than other Protestants—and only regard her character with the loving reverence which Christ always displayed towards her. *I do not accept or depend upon* the tenets of the Catholic Calendar, simply because they are Catholic tenets, nor any further than as good men and women—beautiful, spiritual and martyrs—gone to join the magnificent host hearing heaven, I may be, as I honestly believe. But I do believe in the equality, loving, sustaining presence of "saints" and "angels," and that the love of our own loved "beyond the veil," sweet household names, hallowing yet sacred their purely human and loved ones, lingering, watching, hovering, guiding and guarding. That I do so believe that Heaven, the better life, is at no infinite remove from us: nor that all our intercourse with it is through priest, through direct communion with the Highest.

If I do not believe, I never have believed, in the strictest, strictest tenets of Calvinistic Protestant, the doctrine of "election" seems to me but another form of idolatry. That of total, inane depravity revolts me.

I need scarcely add, that Christ is not advocate and mediator sufficient for me. Most assuredly *yes, I understand his character and accept him as such*. As the pure, perfect, divinely-appointed Teacher, Master, and Saviour of mankind; without whose example I am touched with a feeling of our own imperfection," sinless, yet sharing our humanity; but, he is pictured by the "strictest sect" of the Calvinists, as a jealous task master, a hard Judge, a God of wrath, whose eternal torments are implacable in wrath, and terrible in suffering. From such a Being I would not find the Catholic Son, delighted to lay Saints and Madonna.

In my "Letters" upon the *fact* of the supremacy and growth of the Roman Church while I distinctly admitted the "errors, abuses and tyrannies," I simply stated what I thought the true secret of its power, which lay in its adaptation to the weaknesses of human nature, and in its hold on the affections of the heart, through some of its most cheerful, hopeful and liberal features. In speaking of "mere theology," as "hard and cure," I meant, of course, the science of the Calvinistic faith, still prevalent in many of our orthodox churches—and which is surely not my "duty"—nor, I believe I am greatly mistaken, yours.

And now, I have said my say in regard to my religious beliefs and confessions—for all of which though they may not exactly tally with those of any other individual, I truly think that I find sufficient authority in the Scriptures—the Bible; and nothing shall draw me into any further discussion of them.

Your correspondent closes his letter by telling how he can "without trembling," put into the hands of his children.

Whose "The Little Pilgrim" presents himself with a bundle of Catholic tracts—then will be the time to shut the door in his face.

If your friend and myself, reader, entitled "*Countries I Have Seen*," he could not with any show of reason, have been apprehensive as to "The Little Pilgrim" undertaking a task of inculcating the monstrous errors of the Romish faith."

It happens that the only subscriber whom we have lost because of our theology, was a child whose mother, because she would not be by a disrespectful mention of the "*la* fairies" of Rodin Hood's Garden.

We have subscribers among all Protestant sects—but we do not think that for the reason any that we promote peculiarly favorable forms his, or her peculiar religious doctrines—nor that it injures them.

We have stated from the first, to have "The Little Pilgrim" inculcate only the simple, fundamental Christian principles as taught by Christ himself, in His Sermon on the Mount and elsewhere—principles which we hold to be universally applicable to our political and social relations, as well as to the government of the individual heart and conscience.

Our instruction "in the faith of their fathers," from parents and teachers, and the various Sunday-school publications, as well as the denominational to which they belong.

This is now the fifth volume and publishers of THE LITTLE PILGRIM, and we are bold enough to believe that there are none of our subscribers who have not liberality enough to perceive its justice and propriety, and sufficient faith in us to believe that we will conscientiously carry out our plan, and fulfil our promises.

Respectfully,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

As the wild waters of ocean glide,
And idly dash waves there,
Many thoughts sweep through the mind,
And memory's pearls invite.

"JESSE LEACH"—That's a fair stream for sweet, I observed a pleasant acquaintance, the other day, to a gracious spray beside a babbling brook, who was trilling away with great vigor at a well-known and noble poet.

"Faith, and it must be that same, sure enough," returned Pat, "for dance a pas of two will ever out of it!"

"A deaf and dumb pupil in Paris was asked—"Dumb God reason?" He replied—"If reason is to be familiar—to doubt is to be equal. It is the highest attribute of limited intelligence. God sees all things, therefore God does not reason."

SATURDAY
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NEWS ITEMS.

REVEREND OWEN PUGH.—The village of Bath, Steuben County, N. Y., must certainly be of a very religious character. The Albion (N. Y.) Gazetteer-editor says, it is informed by the Bath Advocate, that the Rev. Owen Pugh, a colored preacher of that village, has been

[illegible] during the past year, and has received [illegible] dollars. Mr. Pugh is a native of Wales, and has been a preacher for [illegible] years. He is a man of good education, and is highly respected by his people.

[illegible] Mr. Pugh, Jimmy-duke [illegible] kill you the first time you see him, did he?" "No, but I [illegible] he." "What for?" "Be I could see him [illegible]."

A GREEN LOVER.—A young lady in Rockingham County, Carolina, recently attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum. Her attempt was discovered in season to prevent her from taking a fatal dose of the medicine, but her fancy had kissed her upon the cheek, and her lips had left a ring of a light brunette color. She had eaten of the fruit of love, and from that moment "life became a burden to her."

☞ One of the specimens of Japanese literature brought home by Commodore Perry is a poem on Tea, of which a copy is thus translated in the Newark Advertiser:

When the spirited pipes sweets and the curling smoke,
And the clear tea grows pure in the cup of the guest,
Then seems some incense from the fairy blossom's breast.

And visits the light pallour but we as much love
As the first sip as we feel the soft spell
And every voice and power is lost,
The sweet grape nectar, the ambrosia of the gods,
The tongue prolongs the pleasant sense,
And thought is dumb.

Cups that inspire such strains
Are not carved by human hands.

☞ ORNITHOLOGY.—"Thomas, spoil ingenuity."

"Tom, sir—Indian-knee-a-I."

"Go to the head."

REASON IN THE CASE.—Those coals are probably to go on a Whaling Voyage, was the answer respecting the cause. If we rightly consider the ever tremulous motion to which our ice is subjected in the bosom of the ocean, we can hardly wonder that the delicate organism of the eye should be injured by incessantly stirring in some of the quarters of the oceanic elements of a surrogate, novelette, or other literary production. If the sea was always in a similar tremor, even the keen eye of the whaling man would be unable to detect the whale or lose its sight. While on much smaller and less beauty less endowed than the sea windows, as we must think, metal could injure the eye injured within. It seems hardly worth while to waste so valuable a piece of personal property, as the eyesight, for the sake of getting a little morning or evening news, sustaining injury to the organ of vision, by reading various recitations or History.—*Indexer Advertiser*.

A STRAY INCIDENTS TO LAUGH.—Lopez Vaz, in his description of the new countries and their inhabitants, which he visited, tells the following story, and, though he means it for a jest, there is a sad moral in it:

"I was present on a time that a Spaniard, calling certain Indians to work in his mines, which labor of all others these most greatly abhorred, refuse that would go, offered to buy violent hands on themselves, which, the Spaniard perceiving, and make them a lesson, you will hang yourselves rather than goe and work in mines, for I will buy you to kill you no compunde, because I will make you work in another worlde." But the Indians, hearing him speak, replied, We will willingly work with you here, to the intente you may not go with us into another worlde."

General News.

SEPARATION AFTER ITS FORERUNNER BY THE ALLIES.—The correspondence of Marseilles publishes a letter from the Crimea, which describes the state of Sebastopol when occupied by the Allies:

After crossing the cemetery, where there is a large number of graves, we entered the fortified Sebastopol through an enormous breach. This is almost the only part of the fortified wall protects all this side of the town which is not in ruins. Sebastopol is a vast heap of stones—a mass of wreckage, in which numerous small houses are scarcely distinguishable. Nothing can convey to you a correct idea of the marvellous intrusive triumphs exercised by our artillery. Not a single house has to cross a street below when visitors rather than a heap of ruins. In the space of a few square I counted sixty-eight shells that had not exploded. The Malakoff, the Redan, the Quarantine and bombproof which bear the name of Catherine II. is the elegant quarter of the town; all the houses have but one story, are very small, and constructed of light materials. There is not one that has not received several balls. Nothing remains of the furniture, such as mahogany bedsteads, chests of drawers, &c., which were lying about in streets. I remarked a considerable number of pianos, many prints, (most of them caricatures), and, what is very extraordinary, a great number of books, principally of the French Emperor. The whole of this quarter is destined to an employment of great activity and importance. The Russians, in their retreat, set fire to the principal buildings, which, in fact, are the only ones that remain standing. The Russians have left behind them a considerable number of guns, which, I am told, are to be sent to Constantinople, the theatre is astounded; it is a complete ruin. The Grand Opera House and those were lying outside against the wall of the fortification. Captain Dumas, the bombardier, with a gift pertinent, has also suffered by the fire. The Russians have left in the town only the sick or maimed, widows or bachelor. When they see those points I can answer your question."

RECIPE FOR A MODERN DUNNET.

TAKE—Two pounds of the finest sirloin of beef; a small quantity of French mustard to dress it; the liver, heart, and kidneys of a sheep; a few pounds of fresh suet and enough flour to form a moderate paste; a few pounds of potatoes; and a little salt. Add to the whole [illegible] of taking her measure.

Letter Size: Letter Bill:
Letter Size: Letter Bill:
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☞ "Fatitch, when will water stop running down hill?" "When it gets to the bottom, sure, you apologize," said Pat.

☞ Gross Libel.—Gridiron, the celebrated doctor, being examined as an "expert," on a capital trial, was asked by the prosecutor whether he was not what quantity of poison was requisite to kill a fly. The doctor replied, "Certainly, Mr. Prosecutor, but the prisoner was then under the age of the fly, or, as its temperament, the condition and habits of body, whether or not it was in a state of maiden, widower or bachelor. When you do those points I can answer your question."

☞ The King of Prussia, in a moment of hilarity was heard to say, that "he'd ride any horse that ever wore a head."

☞ It is rather a curious incident that when the American Minister, Mr. Perkins, presented his credentials to the King of Prussia, the Count of Persigny was also presented by the Count de St. Girard, a book-seller, as minister to Constantinople. Dr. Franklin heard of it, and "well," said he, "I'll print the Independence of Prussia, and Mr. Persigny will sell it."

☞ "Industry must prosper," as the man said when holding the baby, while his wife washed.

☞ Roses and cats are full more nearly alike than any two things in the world—they have a great deal more when the bottle is over.

☞ Simple says there is no danger of hard times among the shoemakers, because every one is sole before it can be got ready for market.

☞ The following notice was affixed to a door in Boston: "Mr. Smith's wife is dead, and his children are left motherless." The next day a lantern with a deep red light was hung out, and the notice was changed to read—"A woman over ill all in a sad condition. Mr. Smith's compliments to inform the public that up as cook at a term is due, and any one, who will call on him at the above place, can have its cross, meat and until the train has passed."

BATTLE BETWEEN THE TURKS AND RUSSIANS.—DUEBAT OF THE TURKS.—*The Invasion Army, of 25th*, contains news from the seat of war in Asia, of an affair before Kars on the night of the 29th ult. The Turks were commanded by Fuad Pacha, and the Russians by Gen. Muravieff, who had concentrated his forces for the purpose of attacking the former position of the Turks, which had been strengthened by the addition of 30,000 of their heroes were captured. The Russians, finding the Turks were prepared for them, attacked the greater portion of his cavalry from the rear, causing him to be completely surrounded in leading them, when the Russians made a desperate charge upon them, and in the confusion of the Turkish cavalry made their escape, leaving all their artillery and munitions of war in the hands of the enemy. The Russians completed them in their retreat.

The Dublin Hospital Gazette states that the medical profession has been rendered invaluable to pain by a chemist compounded of Canada balsam and linseed lime, which is to be brushed on the bottom of a tooth, like a pill. It is said that when such pain affects immediately relieved all inclination into chronic cases of inflammation, and that it is a perfect specific for all pain, and can easily be used by any person.

The Washington Republic says that Mr. Jones, late Minister to Japan, has been nominated for recognizing Com. Kinney's declaration.

☞ Dramatic Coincidence.—What when a dagger deserved hanging, he so often [illegible] impression of public opinion instead!

☞ The story of the man who had a vein cut by the doctor, to see if it would run fast, is [illegible] of the Bible, in stating the [illegible] of the Israelites, that "they were [illegible] long, for they [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Duchess of the Kingdom—Rise of Cotton—War Movements in Asia, &c.

A Atlantic arrived at New York on the 17th. The leading events in connection with the war are the marshaling of detachments of French and English troops in Sebastopol, and the fact that the united armies are to storm the Russian army, both from Equalization and Inkerman.

SAVED ENGLISH.—Two Englishmen, named Jones and Wilson, were executed at Kingsbridge, on the 16th inst., for murdering Mr. Kane, a gentleman residing near Dublin, on Sunday week, in the presence of his wife. The latter says that each one, by the will of his wife, was to receive £1,000 on the day following the appointment of Mr. Kane as Trustee. The murder was committed in the State of Ohio.

APPOINTMENT OF PEERS.—A correspondent of the London Times says that one thing there was Col. Ainsworth. Of the 1,000 Russians who were taken prisoners, 1,000 were caught in the Redoubt, as the Russians blocked it up on all sides. The Redoubt was taken by the Guards, and the Russians were all taken prisoners. The Russians were all taken prisoners. The Russians were all taken prisoners. The Russians were all taken prisoners.

THE QUARTER-DAY.—The Quarter-day in England is on the 10th.

Sunday, the 30th of September, was marked throughout England as a day of Thanksgiving for the successes in the Crimea.

THE CROPS.—It is now more than certain that the harvest will be a very poor one. The potato crop is very poor.

THE MARKETS.—Breadstuffs continue to rule low and depressed.

THE LEGION.—The legion for the organization of a new Legion of Honor has been submitted. The Legion of Honor will be composed of 2,000 members of 175,000,000 of francs, with right to increase it to 3,000 members and 200,000,000 francs.

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THE WOUNDED.—Arrangements for the Crimean army has been issued by the Minister of War and Navy.

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MEXICO.—Henry M. Rice, the Nebraska Democratic Delegate to Congress in Minnesota, has been re-elected by a plurality of 1,000. The opposition ran a Free Soil Democratic and a Republican candidate.

KANSAS.—It was rumored at Lexington, Mo., on the 17th inst., that Gov. Reeder had been murdered at St. Joseph, but it is presumed a hoax. The editor of the Lexington Express says Gov. Reeder has been fighting out west on the Missouri.

KENTUCKY.—Mr. Dixon, Whig U. S. Senator, has declined a re-election to the Senate. The Louisville Courier-Journal says that the question of the capability of locating the Southern Pacific Railroad will be settled by the South of England on the 1st of January.

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Selected Poetry.

"IS IT COME?"

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Is it come? they cried on the border of the Hills,
Who heeded for the world's long-promised day,
And saw from the starlit sky of Bethlehem
With the dreamy vision and the parable gone?
Is it come? they said, and the voice was low,
We watch not for her whisper'd step,
Nor look for her banner's glow;
Is it come? for the night is long and cold,
And the sleepless heart and weary brain
Have throbb'd through many and many a hour
Since the first bright vision came.

Is it come? they said, and the sunset hills
Were bathed in the flood of a golden hope,
And clouds were crimsoned on the Tyrian shore
With some nobler hue than the martyr's blood
Poured from Stephen's side and Shimeah's throat;
The night fell, but still Rome's mighty spirit
Dreamed of fresh and regenerated youth—
For still, in dreams! the vestment shed

The light of the Pontiff's worshipped form
On many a heritage for idolatrous hearts;
And even on the Nile's sunrise wave,
When Memnon to his brother's voice was mute
With dreams in the utmost ages gone,
With joyful pride and with grateful awe,
He marked the first day-beams meet
The eyes of the Sphinx unclosed from sleep.

The Roman conquered and vanished, too,
His hopes, and faith, and power were gone;
And though still Rome's proud name
At every side where the Arab came on,
Its spirit was dead, and the Crescent waved
The proud banner of its victory o'er it.
The people moved in the same's mood;
Each arrow came sharper for another sent,
And overcame, be it said! they said.

Year and year they sometimes sought
Above the sky of life's fresh and fair;
Sometimes with hope—it called on them thought,
Through thirsting and search within the earth forgave;
And sometimes with patience—it was
And modern learns our world away;
But learns in their glorious hour of trial
And still, at times, Is it come? they say.

The hope of the ancients lent no fruit
Of all the nations on the footstool,
The remote speaks in the teacher's place—
Through mystery and mist, and shadow and cloud,
And light upon valleys, and summits seen—
The heavenly and glorious Sun, that rose
On them beside their birth not lived in vain
And this world shall not remain so!

* The above poem was once quoted in the London Athenæum, by Fitzhugh Ludlow. In subsequent issues of the Marquis of Londonderry, who, hearing that it is another true poet, generously sent me five hundred dollars.

Pictures of Life.

THE ARCTIC NAVIGATORS.

Mostly all the officers and crews of the Arctic and Kelcson have gone ashore to see their families and friends. We give the following additional particulars of the places visited by Dr Kane:

The first time that the Kane party came in connection with the Esquimaux, was in March, 1854, about the time when the long winter night comes to a close, and when there are two or three hours of natural light in the twenty-four. The ship was visited by nine of these Indians, each driving a sledge drawn by eight or ten Esquimaux dogs. These sledges are of a peculiar construction. They are low, between four and five feet long, and fourteen inches wide. The body is made of pieces of the walrus tusks and of the horn of the narwhal or unicorn, cut into pieces of about an inch long, and lashed together by sinews. The runners are fixed with the ivory of the narwhal's horn. The Esquimaux are very ingenious, and manage to bore holes by means of a drill—not worked in a box or on the breast. The sledges are then, on account of the labor bestowed on them, very valuable, and are frequently lent from father to son, as a kind of patrimony. It is no uncommon circumstance, when the community want to get rid of a man and keep another, to lend a good sledge and team of dogs, to induce him to go out on a hunting expedition, and when at a great distance from land, to take away his sledge and leave him.

These Indians who visited the Advance had some walrus meat to dispose of, which they sold for jack-knives. They were, however, very shy and timid; but Dr. Kane, and Mr. Hayes, the hospital steward, got to know them, and at length overcame their timidity and induced them to come on board.

The Esquimaux settlements are some forty miles apart, and generally consist of but two or three huts, containing a population of ten eighteen or twenty. These huts are generally built of concrete stones, some of them several feet in height, and fit in a manner of regular box they could possibly have got them up. Like the sledges, the huts are handed down as most valuable property. Some of them have been seen built of whalebone—probably from a fish that has been after being killed by whalers. In summer they form tents of skins and, at a place, and live upon the produce of fishing and food of visiting and so these settlements keep up an interchange of communication, and live very happily. Their huts are formed by means of stone lamps, cut by themselves out of a kind of soapstone, and with blubber, and with wick of ground moss. By this means they manage to keep up a temperature of 90 deg. Fahrenheit, while the temperature out of doors is as many degrees below zero. They usually eat raw meats—this is the instinct of real; but when they do cook anything, or make any soup—which they make very good—it is by means of stone lamps.

Their sleeping places are platforms, built of stone, raised some eighteen inches from the floor—as a bench in the room—and covered with and covered with grass taken from islands at a distance. Their clothing consists of fur-skin jumpers or coat, with an inner jumper of bird-skin, the feathers turned in; boo-skin trowsers; bear-skin boots, and bear-skin gloves. The dress of the women is similar to that of the men, except that the former wear a boots, extending half way up the thigh, while those of the men do not extend to the knee, and that the ladies also wear a sack to their heads, which they call hoosak, in which they carry their children. The men are fond of tobacco, and mostly boil, while the women are of smoke nature and slighter. They do not possess the Mormon habits of polygamy, but are, on the contrary, extremely particular about their matrimonial relations. This has been the universal testimony of travellers who have visited them. As with all savage nations the sense of the labor devolves upon the women. The men come to from the boat, throw down the prey their have secured, which is seized, and the women have then to go to work, skin the animal, prepare the flesh for food and extract the bones, and prepare the sinews for sewing purposes.

One of the ordinary acts of hospitality or civility on the part of the Indian is to take a fowl, or piece of meat, chew it up very nicely, and hand it to the visitor, who is expected to eat enormous relish. This is also a mode of the operation of cleaning. "If would give them this offence if they should be say politely to the dear honor to the act of hospitality. In all other respects they exercise to a remarkable degree the same virtue. The Esquimaux of the Northern regions prove to have a friend of going to the Danish settlements. Here they should be seen up by their more fortunate brethren, while these last entertain the same friendly with their visitors from the Northern tribes. These tribes, however, which live so high up as the expedition penetrated, seem to be a very ground-down and benighted, and we understand that Dr. Kane has formed the intelligence subsequently between these people together. He proposes, we are told, to gather them from the most Northern tribes, and bring them down to the south of Disco, where they can enjoy more comforts and be the subject to more instruction.

The Esquimaux have a priest, whom they call Angakok, who performs marriage and similar ceremonies, and is supposed to have some influence over the heart. When a couple are married their friends have supped upon them, for a certain length of time, abstinence, drinking, and of meat, and abstain a meal than or a young woman dies, all the young men and young women of the settlement are compelled to fast for some days of abstinence. The priest is believed to have power over the weather and sea, and in time of pressing necessity, to be able to call them up to the surface of the water. Their faith in the Angakok is the only support they have to rely upon for belief. They spend their long winter of total darkness in feasting and dancing, and never going out to hunt unless pressed by necessity. They have no sort of amusement except singing and dancing. They have no musical instrument, but they sing in parts. Their children always get a common name, whatever happens to be on the fingers in the paternal hut when they are born.

In hospitality to Gentlemen, Mr. Sonn, the proprietor of "Old and Young" is composed entirely of Esquimaux, pure and half blood. They manage to keep up a good deal of social enjoyment by means of dancing, singing and games. They have a peculiarly good ear for music, and can manage to play on the jewsharp

City Scenes.

THE ROUND HAT.

1. When it is all very well.
2. When it is objectionable.
3. When the Police ought to interfere.

or violin after any fair money. The women generally to be great rogues, if not in stealing gentlemen's hearts, at least in pilfering its pelts and pieces, and saying of that kind. We and our young gentlemen connected with the Esquimaux, who had no less than three quarrels some of the hair of young Indies of Lonely. One of these in dark as the raven's wing, of the silkiest texture, and runs down the back of a full-blooded Esquimaux; another is dark brown, and the third, of golden color, and of equally fine texture, showed unmistakably the Danish blood of the lady's sire. We hope that these two tokens will be truly treasured, though not in the National Museum at Washington. The same gentleman has a quantity of skins and furs which he has brought home with him as reminiscences of Greenland. But they will have to be fumigated or to undergo some other process of purification, for the Esquimaux indeed, who have the tanning operation in charge, not being able to procure hare, have recourse to a species which answers as well, but which carries chambermaids do not tolerate the presence of in a room.

The Esquimaux never resort to the barbarous mode of exiting of frost-bitten limbs. They apply to them a piece of rabbit skin, and it stops with good effect. We are sorry to see that one of the expedition has lit life by the amputation of a frost-bitten foot, and that three others had to suffer amputation.

We may mention, in fact incidentally, that Dr. Kane went in the Arctic regions provided with dagguerreotype apparatus and plates, but that the peculiar nature of the atmosphere and the impressions could be taken. These, and a considerable collection of specimens of natural history, geology, and casts of the Esquimaux, with the libraries of Capt. Kane and others, will be left behind; but for savings, reports, instruments and documents of the expedition were preserved.

The highest acknowledgments are paid to Dr. Kane for the skill, ability, and assiduous care of his men while he exhibited. When not on sledging excursions, he took his place in the hospital as well as the cuisine of the ship, and when the Advance was finally abandoned, he supported the sick and disabled on his own backs, travelling back to the vessel in the lake it in the storm. The ice combined during the whole winter days that the party had to remain in the open sea, and he has traveled in all, if you count his journeys and regards them as a stretch, calling on his way at an Esquimaux hut, in which four of his men were sick, and depositing two on the top of the sledge. The other two he carried in his arms, and in this manner he brought them to the vessel, a distance of upwards of 40 miles.

Nothing was too high for his scientific research, nor too mean for his humane action. He proved himself a true gentleman and philosopher, and the following form of prayer drawn up by him, and used by the officers and crews of the expedition, will show that he did not neglect the spiritual welfare of his men:—

A PRAYER.

To be used by every sledging party in the Arctic Regions.

Oh, Almighty and Most Merciful Lord God, who didst create the heavens, the sea and the dry land, and gavest power to the winds, and skill to plan and to work, we, Thy sinful and very unworthy creatures, would crave Thy pardon, Thy guidance, and Thy protection. We confess that we have often transgressed Thy holy laws; that we have forgotten Thy wonderful care over us. We humbly beseech Thee to remember us in mercy, and to keep us from all harm. If the path of duty should lead us through storms, we trust we may be content; it is the fearless heart, and the firm purpose, which are pleasing to Thee, and we would not for our own comfort think less of you on that account. They, Lord, are our only reliance and support. Taken together these confessions never time be corresponding to those which yours never. Bless, Lord, our food, and our clothing, and our fuel, and our shelter, and our sleep. Make us thankful for all Thy mercies, and grant that we may never forget